

Title: EAR OF ARRICORN

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VOL. III

The lone stranger slowly rode into the desolate village on the back of his mammoth, white hordax. As he dismounted his beast, he threw the leathery reins over the closest tie rod, then slowly strode to the double doors of the tavern. Though the tavern roared with the laughter of drunken herdsmen, the jovial spirit quickly flattened like fresh manure thrown against a wall. Everyone turned as the caped stranger entered the smoke filled hovel. The darkly robed individual motioned with two fingers for the stiffest grog. The tavern master quickly obeyed, pouring the thick brew with shaky hands. The women folk left, claiming they needed to visit the house of fecal waste.

'ShadowLander!' called a nasal tinged voice from the rear of the room, 'Your type are not welcomed in this acre of the world.' Shortly, a path cleared between the ShadowLander and the owner of the high pitched voice. The voice belonged a squat little Hobbit. He sat with a crooked smile on his smiling face while his hand played with the handle of his jeweled dagger-like sword. On his

throat, just above his  
massive goiter, he openly  
wore a staff shaped  
tattoo. Only true  
herdsmen wore these. A  
hush fell over the tavern.  
No one dared to draw  
breath.